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THE
VISION OF LAS CASAS,
&c.

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THE

VISION OF LAS CASAS,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY EMILY TAYLOR.


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THE "VISION OF LAS CASAS" is founded on the popular opinion, adopted by Dr. Robertson on the authority of the historian Herrera, that Bartholomew de Las Casas was the original proposer or promoter of the African Slave Trade, from motives of humanity towards the oppressed Americans.

How far this opinion is correct the Author does not feel herself qualified to judge. Very able writers, and some among the most competent writers of our day, have advocated it—(see WHEATON'S *Discourse*,—*North American Review*, No. VII, New Series; and SOUTHEY'S *History of Brazil*, Vol. II, p. 639, Note 16.) On the other hand, GRÉGOIRE, and VERPLANC, in his *Discourse delivered before the Historical Society in*

New York, have recorded their opinions of Las Casas's innocence.—A reference to these authorities, and also to LLORENTE's new edition of the Works of Las Casas, will put the reader in possession of all that can be said on the subject.

In the mean time the Author claims a liberty which has been freely accorded to others, of availing herself of a popular opinion to "point the moral" of her Poem.

The Poems entitled "Winter Evenings" were begun in sport, on some of the nights which they commemorate. They who have ever been surprised into a serious mood when the amusement of an idle hour was their original object, will, perhaps, not regard the very different style in which these Pieces proceed as unnatural or incongruous.

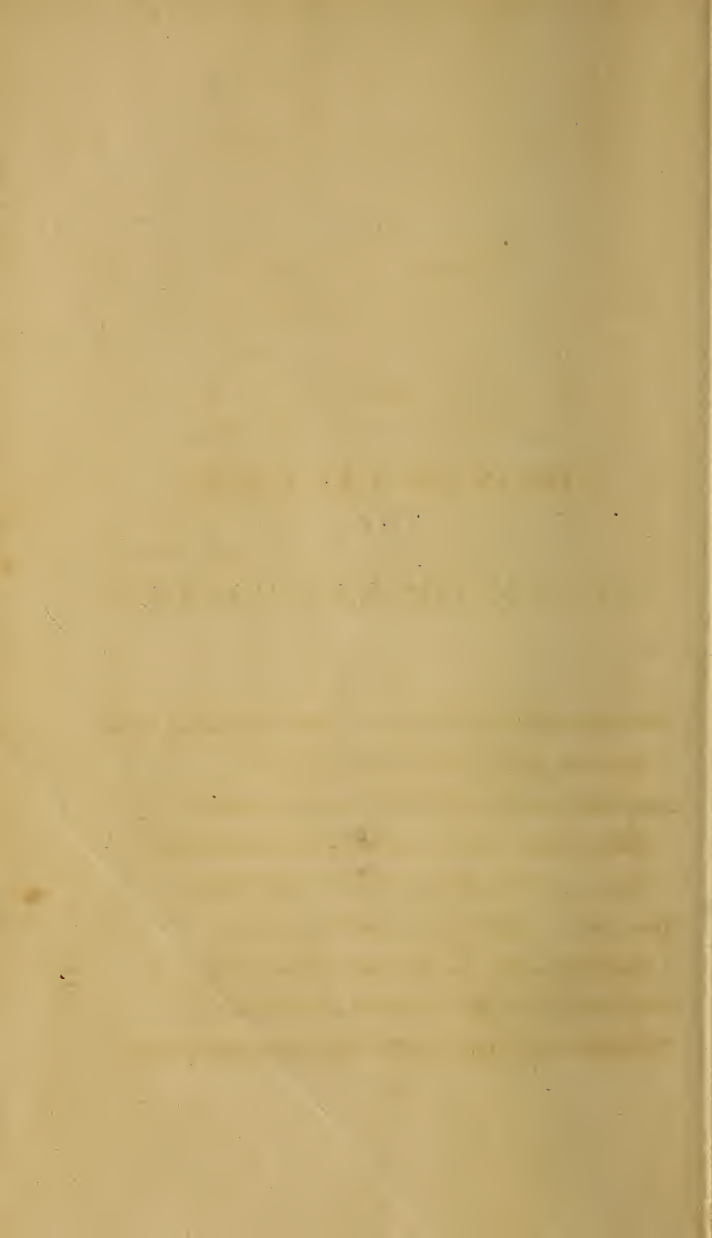
NEW BUCKENHAM,
May 1825.

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THE
VISION OF LAS CASAS.



THE
VISION OF LAS CASAS.

I.

THE midnight bell had toll'd :—worn, friendless, weak,
Upon his dying couch Las Casas lay ;
No friendly voice that awful pause to break,—
His steadfast eye was tow'rd that Eastern way,
Through which all joyously the God of Day
Goes forth to light the evil and the good ;—
Not that to him the dawning morrow's ray
Could bring the joys of mortals—for he stood
Trembling upon the brink of the o'erwhelming flood.

II.

Fourscore and ten revolving years to him

Had brought their joys, griefs, sins, and sorrowings :
The eloquent eye, time-touch'd, had now grown dim ;

Yet that kind drowsiness of mind, which brings
Rest to the aged, and all mortal things
Shrouds in the veil of placid apathy,

Came not to him :—but touch the silent strings,
And thou hadst started at the quick reply
Of the frail, shaken Harp's responsive harmony.

III.

Even now, undying, in his soul there dwelt

All the indignant soul of former years ;
More few, perchance, his words—whate'er he felt,

Suppress'd in sighs, or uttered but in tears,
Nor the high head erect and firm he rears :

But this was Nature's work ;—the mighty mind,

Untouch'd by Time, in all its strength appears ;
And still the more, with every thought entwined,
Love triumphs in his breast,—Love, ardent, unconfined.

IV.

Thou, who hast felt thyself what good men feel
Turning the page of Life's eventful day,
In those truth-telling moments which reveal
The long, long sum of blessings past away,
That hour of trial thou canst well pourtray—
His crown of glory cast upon the ground,
When, bathed in tears, the good Las Casas lay ;
And clouds and darkness seem'd to gather round,
And thick impervious mists the mental sight to bound.

V.

Exhausted with unutterable thought,
Back on his couch the dying sufferer fell,
But found not there the peaceful rest he sought ;—
Unwonted forms—sounds, sights we may not tell,
Flitted before him, and he felt the spell
Was laid upon him. From that hour, no more
He sought the mighty vision to repel ;
Passive, like infant in the giant's power,
Amazed and mute he saw the wonders of that hour.

VI.

His eyes were open'd on a world of light,

The stars of Heaven beneath his feet were shedding
Their pale faint beams across the gloom of night ;

But he, above them all, was firmly treading.

His heart had lost its fears ;—no longer dreading
The deep dark vale—emerged at once, his eye
Fell on a glorious prospect, widely spreading,
And thousand spirits welcomed him on high ;
All dangers seem'd o'erpast—all doubts, all fears gone by.

VII.

That moment's ecstasy we may not paint :—

Death must give place to life, this earth to Heaven,
Time to Eternity—ere to the faint

And failing heart such glorious task be given ;

The soul, long tempest-tost, no longer driven
A weary wanderer from the peaceful shore,—

Each doubt resolved—each devious step forgiven—
And they, the comrades of our toil before,
Mingling their souls with ours in joys for evermore !

VIII.

Not yet, not yet—Las Casas hath not yet
His firm foot planted in that blest abode.
It was a *vision* still—he may forget,
And for a moment feel his lighten'd load,—
More anxious thoughts must now his bosom goad ;
This Heaven, these joys so holy, are they HIS ?
Have his feet trod the straight and narrow road ?
Or must he leave a Paradise like this,
To mourn untasted joys, and unpartaken bliss ?

IX.

An angel stood before him : his bright eye,
Awfully pure, Las Casas met, and shook
Through all his frame with inward agony ;
Such piercing glance his spirit could not brook.
Yet in that angel's calm, expressive look,
Mercy and peace and gentleness were blended ;
The tear of pity scarce his eye forsook ;
But, from a heav'n of holiness descended,
Judgment was on his brow, and Truth his steps attended.

X.

And "Child of Earth!" he said, "whose deeds of love,

By Heaven approved, have found a record here—

Whose fervent prayers have reach'd the throne above,

Before thy sight shall future things appear ;

For this I come—Thou, meekly silent, hear,

And humbly view the wonders I shall show,

Though oft thy sad and penitential tear,

Mourning the miseries thou hast wrought, shall flow

Warm as thy heart's desire to soften human woe.

XI.

"Yet hear in patience ; gloriously at length

The wrath of man shall speak the praise of God ;

He shall go forth in his resistless strength,

And powers of earth and Heaven obey his nod :

Then shalt thou own the chastenings of the rod

Their own pure purpose amply have fulfill'd ;

And, when thy limbs repose beneath the sod,

Though other hands than thine the fabric build,

He shall not be forgot whose heart its beauty will'd."

XII.

The Judgment-book is open'd—every grace
And gift of God to erring man stood there,—
The large free offers to a guilty race,
The frequent calls to penitence and prayer :
And “ These to thee were given, and to thy share
Long health, long years, beyond the common lot :
Where stray'd thy steps beyond his guardian care ?
When wast thou left forsaken or forgot ? ”
Drooping, Las Casas heard,—and wept, but answer'd not.

XIII.

Lightly the record spake of childhood ; youth
It touch'd more strongly,—season of deceit,
When falsehood wears the very look of truth,
And hearts deceived revenge the wrong they meet !—
Las Casas knew the bitter and the sweet
Of all that cheers, delights, bewilders man ;
Long in the bowers of pleasure found his feet
A rest—such rest as lofty spirits can,
Their eagle glance curtail'd, and bounded by a span.

XIV.

Oh! to look back upon the days, the hours
That brought us nothing, carried nought away!
For ever loitering amidst beds of flowers,
The self-same round revolving day by day:
Las Casas was a man—we dare not say,
So did not he. Enough: the dreamer woke,—
Awoke to bless the pure and holy ray
That through the mists of error instant broke,
Teaching the soul to spurn her low unworthy yoke.

XV.

—There rides a bark in triumph o'er the wave!
Her full sails catch the home-breeze joyfully:
Joy to the glorious heroes! to the brave
Who tried the perils of that unknown sea!
What though the closing waves indignantly
Reject the marks of man's far-spreading sway,
The conquest is achieved!—by thine, and *thee*,
Dauntless Columbus! is the dubious way
Unlock'd, display'd at once—all darkness turn'd to day!

XVI.

How beautiful she comes ! Her errand peace
And joy, and tidings of a world new-found !
Well may the toils of wonted labour cease ;
Well may the countless thousands throng around,
And Grief forget her sufferings !—Hark ! the sound
Of hallelujahs, glorifying Him
Whose hand hath framed the earth's extremest bound,
And, as the light of ancient worlds grows dim,
Bids us at other fanes the lamp of Science trim.

XVII.

And are there brothers o'er that watery waste—
Our new-found kindred ? Oh ! to carry there
The peaceful Olive-branch, and bid them haste
Our Arts to learn—our wondrous tales to hear !
Oh ! to commingle joys—with them to share,
In sweet and sacred fellowship, the store
Of blended good which each to each may bear !
And, more than all, together forth to pour
The mingled breath of praise—together to adore !

XVIII.

Beautiful vision ! Though as soon as found
Dash'd and dispell'd, yet unforgotten still !
Oft in the cold world's unennobling round
Of close contracted duties, come, and fill
The heart with kindness ; raise the selfish will,
And fix it firm in faith on Him, whose love
Nor time can change, nor height nor depth can chill ;
Who, in his own good time, sends forth the Dove
Of Peace to erring man, and summons him above !

XIX.

Beautiful vision ! Yet more lovely still
When it hath visited a brother's eye,
And we can mark the rapturous tears that fill
That beaming eye, and share its holy joy ;
And we can feel th' indissoluble tie,
Our hearts conjoining in one mighty cause ;
On one dear altar every wish lay by,
The dreams of youth—the thirst for vain applause—
All that from heavenly bliss th' immortal mind with-
draws !

XX.

Beautiful vision ! Hath it shone on THEE,
Thou listless wanderer in that flowery field ?
Yes ! by that new and heaven-born energy,
The kindling eye—the purpose half reveal'd,
Yet half, in humbleness of heart, conceal'd,
Itself mistrusting, as it turns to view
The powerless arm that would presume to wield
A sword so mighty, in a field so new,
And doubts its own resolves, and fears its hope untrue.

XXI.

Yes, go, Las Casas ! Firm, yet meek of heart—
Go, friend of him who knows no friend beside—
Go, self-devoted to thy chosen part ;
And, as the unknown ocean opens wide,
Gird up thy spirit to that strife untried :
No laurel-crown shall deck thee conqueror there,
No favouring smiles delight thy human pride ;
But thou thy Saviour's name in peace shalt bear :
Herald of Mercy, go !—thy tale of Love declare.

XXII.

Oh! yet remember, though thy heart may bleed
As Misery pours her unavailing sigh,
There is a world where slaves are free indeed,
And drink unmix'd the cup of Liberty!
Then tame thy breast's o'ermastering sympathy:
Better to speak the patient words of Love,
And bid the indignant plaint unalter'd die,
Than turn the spirit from its hope above;—
The Serpent's wisdom gain—the meekness of the Dove.

XXIII.

'Twas done:—upspringing, like the lion roused
From the strong chains of slumber, forth he went.
Thenceforth his eye, in singleness unclosed,
Droop'd not, nor wander'd from its high intent:
Earnest he look'd around the world, and bent
A searching glance on *one* sad scene of woe;
He heard the whisper—"Therefore art thou sent;
There bend thy strength—each meaner aim forego;
There stanch the bleeding heart—the tear forbid to
flow!"

XXIV.

He heard, and he obey'd!—That instant fix'd
His heart, soul, mind, devoted to their aim.
Thenceforth, though variously the cup was mix'd
For him in joy or sorrow, 'twas the same :
Unchangingly he bore the grief, the shame
Of bitter disappointment ; and he took
Meekly the common lot of praise or blame,
As those who up to Heaven's tribunal look
With mild appealing eye to its decisive Book.

XXV.

He went :—the dangers of the deep, though fraught
In those dark days with terrors long gone by,
In vain assail'd him, in his lonely thought—
Perhaps they came to terrify, to try :
Whom will they *not* ?—even when the steady eye
Is fix'd on Him who rules the winds and waves,
(And they obey Him !) yet the sea, the sky,
The threatening murmurs of the ocean caves,
Smite with a chilling awe, which scarce *one* spirit braves.

XXVI.

And even when winds are hush'd, the soft air balm,
And the light bark rests gently on the deep,
There is oppression in that awful calm,—
The death of Nature rather than her *sleep*;
The eye looks round for help,—we cannot keep
Its glance from wandering o'er that vacancy;
And, if a speck appear, the soul will leap,
Fill'd with the spirit of society,
Over the watery bound, its loneliness to fly.

XXVII.

No! there is nothing lonely like the sea:
Though thousand thousand sails be speeding o'er,
And the mind knows the friendly wave to be
Medium of blessings to the farthest shore,
Still 'tis a changeful and capricious power,
Too fickle for man's mind to rest upon;
In its most smiling times he hears the roar
Of distant thunder, and he feels like one
Who dreads to wear a smile, lest cause of smile be gone.

XXVIII.

In such a time, well pleased, the eye will turn
From the deep waves below to Heaven above,—
Beautiful region! where the night-fires burn,
And seem to breathe benignity and love.
What though beyond the burning line we rove,
Where, one by one, each light must disappear
We knew in childhood; never can we move
Beyond the glories of the starry sphere,
Or feel the Almighty arm less manifestly near!

XXIX.

And there are feelings which the voyager
Can well remember—when upon his eye,
Ranging beneath another hemisphere,
First came the vision of the Southern sky.
Yes, there they shine! those stranger lights on high—
The dream of childish years! Yes, there they are!
Bright Southern Cross, so dear to memory,
The Wolf, the Ship of Heaven, the Phoenix—there
Pouring their mingled lights—how beautiful, how fair!

XXX.

Las Casas felt, as mortal man should feel,
The glories of creation ;—his delight
Was in that silent, eloquent appeal,
Which day to day repeats, and night to night !
Sweet were his hours, when, beautifully bright,
The equatorial sky its fires display'd—
Its tracts of darkness, and its gleams of light.
Stretch'd on the deck, in midnight hours of shade,
How sprang his soul to Him whose hand these wonders
made !

XXXI.

He knew not yet to what a world, how vast,
The winds impell'd him ; for the daring prow,
Which cross'd the Atlantic first, not yet had past
On to the distant land we ought to know
Best by HIS name who found it. Gently blow
The steady breezes—and the hour is nigh,
When, all reveal'd, that mighty land shall show
Its train of marvels to the stranger's eye ;
Its old, untrodden woods—its hills that pierce the sky.

XXXII.

How placid was that evening!—they had met—

The Chieftain and Las Casas—glad to seize

The time, when others hasten'd to forget

Those lighter toils which leave the mind at ease.

Then, differing oft by day, in hours like these

Their souls grew placid—learn'd to look within—

And, in the fellowship of midnight seas,

Each felt the glow of kindlier thought begin,

And strove from peaceful hours more peaceful fruits to
win.

XXXIII.

They talk'd of home—of childhood—of the hearts

Whose love, more dear than life, yet sway'd them not

When duty call'd them to their several parts,

And sternly pointed the severer lot—

Their own sweet land, the one beloved spot

Where all bright things, all fair were garnered—

Its ancient memories, dearer to the thought,

Because between them ocean depths were spread,

And they themselves, perchance, were thought of as the
dead!

XXXIV.

And then that look'd-for world they call'd to mind,
Much questioning its future destinies :
If to the treasures of the Eastern Ind
 This way the future path of nations lies ;
If those fair Isles, so late Columbus' prize,
Be but as steps to fairer, yet unknown ;
Or if there be—so high their wishes rise—
A wide-spread land of rivers, like their own,
Where man exists—enjoys—*even in the Torrid Zone!*

XXXV.

Nor had they lived in that romantic time
Of young discovery, to its soul so dead,
But that for them, with every stranger clime,
Some wondrous tale was link'd, by fancy bred :
Here "*El Dorado*" all her wealth outspread ;
There "*right Divine*" the female sovereigns claim ;
And here the youth-renewing fountains shed
Vigour and freshness through the aged frame ;
And here the garden blooms—and Eden is its name.

XXXVI.

And loftier themes were theirs;—the grand pure Heaven
Oft drew their eyes,—but most that cheering sign,
Emblem to Christian souls of sins forgiven—
Of dying Love, and Mercy's power divine—
Cross of the South! whose grand illumined line
Of glory lights another firmament!
Though to behold thee never must be mine,
Yet oft will fancy to mine eyes present
Thee in thy noon-tide hour, or 'cross the waters bent.*

XXXVII.

Hark! while they speak, a sound, a sudden gush
Of waves, each moment louder and more nigh!
The eddying waters boil! impetuous rush
Strong currents, struggling for the mastery!
Whence come these mighty floods, that, hurrying by,
Rushing and rolling, mingle with the deep,
Freshening the ocean waters?—Up! the cry
Of danger startles from their quiet sleep
The dreaming seamen all;—what anxious watch they
keep!

* "Midnight is past, the Cross begins to bend."—*Paul and Virg.*

XXXVIII.

“Land! land! vast woods, wide rivers far and near!

But oh! what perils hem the vessel round!

Oh! steer as for thy life, brave Pilot! steer—

Perhaps some quiet gulph may yet be found.—

There! there! right onward!—Now the bottom sound—
Tack to the right—but clear that narrow sea;

Pass but unharm'd that cape's projecting bound,
And there in safety may thy station be.

Now, praised be our God! 'tis past, and we are free.”

XXXIX.

And equatorial darkness hath given place

To all the splendour of the risen day.—

Oh what a day! then first the smiling face

Of this new world, fresh, beautiful, and gay,

Shone in the brightness of her fair array,

How sweet, how lovely, on the stranger's eye!

There Nature holds her undisputed sway

Over the waste—but lordly man is nigh,

And now her powerless hand the sceptre must lay by.

XL.

Deal gently with her, conquerors though ye be,
For *she* is gentle. To her quiet shade,
And the calm region of her privacy,
Ye came, unask'd, her treasury to invade :
And have ye hearts to draw the murderous blade
In her pure presence? She hath given ye all—
For you the secrets of her realms display'd :
And, oh! how eloquent her accents fall!—
“Sons of the Stranger Land! enjoy, but not enthrall.”

XLI.

New-found Columbia! pouring forth thy floods
Of many waters—rearing up the vast
And massy pile of thy gigantic woods,
Where even the savage foot hath rarely past ;
Thy gorgeous birds, that light and beauty cast
Over the forest's gloom ; the brilliant dyes
Of thousand flowers, that shed their sweets to waste !
Can He who paints thee thus the dream despise,
Which fondly saw in thee man's long-lost Paradise ?

XLII.

But onward ! onward ! they must spread the sail,
And leave this vision for a happier hour ;
Before the gentle steady breezes fail,
Columbus must retrace the Island shore—
His first-found Island of the West, once more,—
And thou, Las Casas ! must thy work begin ;
Yet still thy longing eyes that coast explore :
Oh ! were it thine some peaceful fruits to win,
Ere Mammon's sterner sons their spoils have gather'd in !

XLIII.

Short space—and now again the vessel nears
The wish'd-for port ; but, oh ! how changed the scene !
Grief, horror, bloodshed, slavery, and tears,
Mark where the white man's blasting foot hath been ;
And here it is, where Indian eyes have seen
Dark deeds of desolation ceaseless wrought !
Here must Las Casas tell, with eye serene,
Of peace—of freedom by the Saviour brought ;
How easy is His yoke—what blessed truths He taught.

XLIV.

Then came the days of unremitting toil—
The nights by gentle sleep unvisited—
Life held in doubt, as the tumultuous broil
Of angry tempests gather'd round his head,
Or in the howling waste his couch was spread,
Or the still hour of midnight saw him bear
The torch of truth to cheer the dying bed,
And turn the sinner's curses into prayer,
And *Him* in darkness served, in words of light declare.

XLV.

And, worse than watchings, toil, disease, and death,
The sickening anguish of the spirit came,
Unheard, despised, to waste his shortening breath—
To hide, perhaps, in silence and in shame,
The glorious sound of that dishonour'd name,
Whose very thought is freedom! Thou, whose tongue
Deals out with ease its ready dole of blame,
For once forgive, if, thus to madness stung,
Rash word and hasty deed from gentle heart were wrung!

XLVI.

O'er the wide waters, lo! he comes again.—

Hark! heard ye not those accents, awful, deep,
That taught thy dying eye, proud King of Spain,
Dismay'd, the ruin thou hadst wrought to weep?
Sleep not again;—thou canst not, darrest not sleep—
Those awful words are ever in thine ear;
His ceaseless watch the holy Priest shall keep,
Till tardy Mercy stay the mad career
Of the rapacious bands that mock Columbia's tear.

XLVII.

And now again he cleaves the billowy wave,
Herald of hope, of liberty, once more;
No other home he seeks, no fitter grave,
Than mid the wilds of that afflicted shore.
Alas! in vain—more hopeless than before,
As more matured, indignantly he sees
Slavery, in all her plenitude of power,
Loading with cries of woe the ocean breeze;—
Yet not the less he strives such anguish to appease.

XLVIII.

Again th' angelic strain uprose—the song
That sung the Christian hero's manly daring;
And that celestial Spirit smiled again,
The message of accepted deeds declaring.
O blessed thought! that heavenly hearts are sharing
Our earthly triumphs, all our toils survey—
For us in Heaven's immortal bowers preparing
Th' unenvied crown!—And who so blest as they,
When wandering feet return to seek the narrow way?

XLIX.

O blessed thought, while *only* thought!—but Thou,
Favour'd Las Casas, hadst a glimpse more high:
That angel-look was fix'd on thee even now,
And thou hast caught its glance of sympathy.
Now let thy heart its load of cares lay by,
Servant of God! whose dying eyes have seen
Into the secret counsels of the sky:
Though all unfathom'd be the gulf between,
Now placid be thine eye—thy mind, thy heart serene!

L.

Yet trembling!—Yes, the Angel's darken'd brow

Betokens tales of sorrow yet to come.

All Heaven is mute—reluctantly and slow,

As He who once pronounced the fearful doom

Of man's long exile from his earliest home,

The Spirit turns that fatal record o'er:—

“And who was he?—The light of life to some—

To Afric's sons, the stripes, the chains, who bore!

Barterer of human blood! curse of that wretched shore!”

LI.

Then forth from highest heavens in thunder came

A wild full chorus to the voice, replying—

“Thine, thine, deceived Las Casas! was the shame,

With Afric's woes Columbia's freedom buying!”—

And then there came the wailings of the dying,

And low, faint prayers for mercy; and the cry

Of some self-murderer, from his tortures flying,

In the deep sounds of life's last agony

Cursing the white man's name, while Echo made reply.

LII.

Oh! hide him, earth!—for, in that aged breast,
What thoughts of tenfold anguish now upspring!
Oh! could he flee away, and be at rest!
But grief hath laid her fetters on his wing,
And deeper shades around their horrors fling,
And he must quaff alone the cup of woe;
For the kind Angel, mute and sorrowing,
Stands with averted eye and downcast brow:
And who shall give him rest, and soothe the sufferer now?

LIII.

Hark! breathless angels hang upon the sound—
A “still small accent,” awful and alone—
Nor in the air it seems, nor from the ground—
Single, and sweet, and gentle as the tone
Wherein a mother pleadeth for her own;
And they that heard it felt as if their breath,
Suspended, lived in that, and that alone:—
And who could dread the gloomy vale of death,
If voice of peace like this the spirit summoneth?—

LIV.

“Tear out that page of sorrow!”—Hark! no more?—

“The guilty leaf is cancell’d—thou art free!”

Mute, mid the thousand thousands that adore

The deep-felt presence of the Deity,

Las Casas stands—no more his eye can see,

Intensely drinking in the words of Peace;

To him the Seraph’s sweetest song can be

But as the warbling of the senseless breeze:—

All Heaven is in his heart—his doubts, his conflicts cease.

LV.

That voice again—“As many as I love,

Those I rebuke. Thy life in labours spent,

A worthy offering to the Throne above,

Thy soul, while yet unhumbléd, dared present;

And therefore hast thou found the chastisement

Of earthly wisdom, and hast wept to see

How thine own hand the scourge, the yoke, has sent
To suffering nations—that such wrong could be,

In all thy dear-nursed schemes of mild philanthropy.

LVI.

“ Repentant and forgiven, arise ! ” — No more —
The voice is hush’d — a moment — is it gone ?
Then bursts the song of thousands, then before
The glorious portals of the Eternal Throne —
“ Blessing, and praise, and honour, Holy One,”
Rejoicing and exulting angels sing —
“ Blessing to Him, Jehovah ! God alone !
Blessing to Him, the martyr’d Lamb, they bring,
Who burst the grave’s dark bounds, and snatch’d from
death his sting ! ”

LVII.

But mid the joy of that triumphant scene,
Is there no friendly voice to greet him here ?
Have angel-tears fall’n o’er him ? and serene
When now the skies in beauty re-appear,
And heaven and earth a placid radiance wear,
Shall there be none to greet him — none to bless
His very blessings, his weak head uprear ? —
That were not *earthly* love : — can Angels less,
Who share the sinner’s grief, than share his happiness ?

LVIII.

And at his side the Angel stands—his eye
Hath brightness indescribable ;—the glow
Of love that liveth everlastingly
Sate on his cheek and lighten'd up his brow :—
“ Come, thou beloved Las Casas, open now
Once more thine eyes on that afflicted shore ;
The counsels of the Highest shalt thou know—
The mighty workings of that wondrous Power,
Which light from gloom can bring, and wrath to peace
restore.”

LIX.

Then, starting into life, Las Casas sees
A holy band, their fathers' faults retrieving ;
With pious hands they hasten to appease
Nature's long anguish, o'er her children grieving,
And gently, duteously, their task achieving,
Like him who clears defacing stains away
From the pale marble, all its glory leaving ;—
So toil'd they on, for many a weary day,
Even from their morn of youth to age's evening grey.

LX.

And from the snares of wealth, from pleasure's maze,
From all that cheers and soothes the heart of man—
From ease, from leisure, earthly peace and praise,
Undaunted turning, they their work began :
Cold in their veins the life-blood often ran,
For they had human feelings ;—yet to be
Heaven's ministers, and work upon its plan,
Breathed through their souls resistless energy,
And the world heard their voice—"The Negro SHALL
be free !"

LXI.

There thou, "in journeyings oft, in perils, pains,"
First in a field whose meanest place was fame,
Unbinder of the Negro's massive chains,
Intrepid CLARKSON ! at whose single name
Wealth hid her head and guilt grew pale with shame ;
Before whose single eye proud cities brought
Nor danger nor allurements,—all thine aim
To clear their fame from one dishonouring blot,
And wipe the stains away *themselves* regarded not ;—

LXII.

There, in that vision, wert thou found, whom we
In Mercy's service still delight to find :
Thy heart is not grown cold to Misery's plea,
And passing years have left untouch'd thy mind.
On, generous CLARKSON ! ever unconfined
By selfish aims, thy steady path pursue ;
On to the mark ! forget the things behind,
Draw round thee Mercy's friends, though all too few ;
And, year by year, proceed—thy daring charge renew !

LXIII.

And thou, whose voice, in strength or weakness plying,
Senates have heard, most mild, most musical,—
Each varying string of human feeling trying—
The meek to win, the mighty to appall !
Who can forget thee, WILBERFORCE ? Though all
The fruit of patient toil thou must not see,
Though Slavery holds her thousand sons in thrall,
The Spirit is gone forth—and Liberty
Chants in the Negro's land a grateful song to thee.

LXIV.

Glory and happiness ! the Western main,
By setting suns illumined, brings the time
Of gentler evening, leading in her train
The happiest moments of that burning clime.—
Hark ! through the neighbouring hills the well-known
chime
That calls the Negro to the House of Prayer !
No longer now the minister of crime,
The white man goes with brother men to share
His glory and his hope—and God is worshipp'd there.

LXV.

Glory and happiness ! the fetter'd limb,
Exulting in its strength, at last goes free,
And the bewildering clouds of error dim
Before the dawn of knowledge break and flee.
The peaceful bark is gliding o'er the sea ;
No blood-stain'd flag, no pomp of war she bears—
A gentle messenger of love is she ;
And wheresoe'er her goodly form appears,
There Freedom lifts her head, and Sorrow dries her tears.

LXVI.

“Glory and happiness !” Las Casas cries :—

The vision is dispell’d—the grateful burst
Of joy and wonder, from his tranced eyes

At once the opening glories have dispersed ;

The moon-beams falling on his couch—the first
And faintest call of early matins’ bell—

The well-remember’d voices, interspersed
With sighings of the gale,—all broke the spell ;
His head, in transport raised, back on his pillow fell.

LXVII.

And he hath grasp’d the hand of one, whose love,

Long tried and faithful, hath pursued him here,
Like the kind Angel, whom he saw above,

Bending beside, to strengthen and to cheer :

Together both, for many a painful year,
The self-same patient work of love they plied ;—

And sweet it is, when life’s last pang draws near,
To see the brother-labourer at our side,
And speak of coming joys, where Death shall not divide.

LXVIII.

So LOOK'D Las Casas :—look'd—but utter'd not
A word to break the deepening peace of Death :
Still his quick eye its lightning glances shot,
But fainter and more faint his parting breath
Went and return'd ; yet he who watch'd him saith,
That ever, as he whisper'd words of cheer,
The hand uplifted told the spirit's faith—
Down the worn cheek oft stole the grateful tear,
And hope was in his eye, and love, that casts out fear.

LXIX.

So pass'd he.—He who loved him saw his eye
Closed in the slumber of its dreamless rest ;
Saw the chill limbs in shrouded stiffness lie,
And the cold earth heap'd high upon his breast :
And then he laid him down—the pillow press'd
Where he, the brother of his heart, had lain !
And, ere the morrow's sun had gain'd the West,
For him, too, rose the requiem's solemn strain,
Spreading the tale of death o'er all th' extended plain.

LXX.

O thou who readst ! whose heart has felt the glow
Of warm benevolence ; whose untired feet
Have trod those paths of duty here below,
Where toil is sanctified and trouble sweet,—
Blessings be on thee ! As thy labour great,
Great be the harvest ;—yet remember still
How unsuspected lurks the deep deceit,—
How oft, for good, we snatch the cup of ill,
And, brimming though it be, that cup yet higher fill.

LXXI.

Instructed, go!—Each high and noble aim
Still in thy deepest musings love to rear !
Go!—light more eagerly the holy flame
Of love to all mankind ; and if the fear,
That where thy wish a smile decreed, a tear
May flow the faster for thine erring zeal,—
If doubt like this intrude, a throne is near,
Where they that meekly and incessant kneel,
Strengthen'd and heal'd themselves, shall others learn
to heal.

NOTES.

STANZA XXV.

“ The young Las Casas, whose spirit of adventure led him, at the age of nineteen, to accompany Columbus in his second expedition to the West Indies, was one of those rare compounds which Nature forms, from time to time, for the ornament and consolation of the human race,” &c.

“ He saw with grief and indignation the crimes of his countrymen, and the cry of the oppressed entered deeply into his heart. From that hour, like the young Hannibal, but in a purer cause, he vowed himself to one sacred object. Rejecting with scorn every lure which interest or ambition held out to tempt him from his course, refuting by the blameless sanctity of his life all the calumnies which were showered upon him, despising danger, disregarding toil, braving alike the sneer of the world and the frown of power, he laboured with a benevolence which never cooled, and a zeal which knew no remission for more than seventy years, as the protector of the Indian race. Dangerous as was the navigation at that period, he crossed the Atlantic

nine times for this purpose, besides traversing Europe, and penetrating, in all directions, the trackless wilds of the New World.” —Verplanck, *Discourse delivered before the New York Historical Society*.

The track pursued by the vessel of Columbus being nearly similar to that followed by Humboldt, I have availed myself of this circumstance in the following stanzas.

STANZA XXIX.—“*And there are feelings which the voyager.*”

Those who have read the beautiful reflections of Baron Humboldt, of which this stanza is but an imperfect imitation, will recognize the ideas. “From the time we entered the Torrid Zone, we were never wearied with admiring, every night, the beauty of the Southern sky, which, as we advanced toward the South, opened new constellations to our view. We feel an indescribable sensation, when, on approaching the Equator, and particularly on passing from one hemisphere to another, we see those stars which we have contemplated from our infancy, progressively sink, and finally disappear. Nothing awakens in the traveller a livelier remembrance of the immense distance by which he is separated from his country, than the aspect of an unknown firmament. The grouping of the stars of the first magnitude, some scattered nebulae rivalling in splendour the Milky Way, and tracts of space remarkable for their extreme blackness, give a particular physiognomy to the Southern sky. This sight fills with admiration even those who, uninstructed in the branches of accurate science, feel the same emotion of delight in the contemplation of the heavenly vault, as in the view of a beautiful landscape or a majestic

site. A traveller has no need of being a botanist, to recognize the Torrid Zone on the mere aspect of its vegetation; and, without having acquired any notions of astronomy, without any acquaintance with the celestial charts of Flamsteed and De la Caille, he feels he is not in Europe, when he sees the immense constellation of the Ship, or the phosphorescent clouds of Magellanian, arise on the horizon. The heaven, and the earth, and every thing in the Equinoctial regions, assumes an exotic character. The lower regions of the air were loaded with vapours for several days. We saw distinctly, for the first time, the Cross of the South, only in the night of the 4th and 5th of July, in the 16th degree of latitude: it was strongly inclined, and appeared from time to time between the clouds, the centre of which, furrowed by uncondensed lightnings, reflected a silver light. If a traveller may be allowed to speak of his personal emotions, I may add, that in this night I saw one of the reveries of my earliest youth accomplished. When we begin to fix our eyes on geographical maps, and read the narratives of navigators, we feel for certain countries and climates a sort of predilection, for which we know not how to account at a more advanced period of life. These impressions, however, exercise a considerable influence over our determinations; and, from a sort of instinct, we endeavour to connect ourselves with objects on which the mind has long been fixed as by a secret charm. At a period when I studied the heavens, not with the intention of devoting myself to astronomy, but only to acquire a knowledge of the stars, I was agitated by a fear unknown to those who love a sedentary life. It seemed painful to me to renounce the hope of beholding those beautiful constellations which border the Southern Pole."

STANZA XXXI.

See Note to Stanza XXV.

STANZA XXXV.—“*Nor had they lived,*” &c.

I must be excused for taking some liberty with *the unities* in this place. Raleigh did not give his report of El Dorado till upwards of eighty years after this time; and Pouce de Leon had not then made his far-famed discovery of the fountain whose waters possessed the virtue of renewing youth.—As for the community of females, according to Baron Humboldt, there is still some reason to believe in its existence. (*Personal Narrative*, Vol. V. Part I. page 391-2.)—Columbus himself was not proof against the enthusiasm of the time, when, on first discovering that part of America which stretches from the Orinoco to the Province of Cumana, he exclaimed, that he must have found the seat of Paradise!

STANZA XXXVII.—“*Hark while they speak,*” &c.

The accounts given by the discoverers of America, of the conflict of the Orinoco with the waters of the ocean, is no doubt exaggerated. Guarilla says, that it freshens the ocean for many leagues with its flood. This is denied by Humboldt, who, however, admits the difficulty of the navigation through La Boca del Drago.

STANZA XLVI.—“*O'er the wide waters,*” &c.

“ He easily obtained admittance to the King (Ferdinand), whom he found in a declining state of health. With much freedom, and no less eloquence, he represented to him all the fatal effects of the *repartimentos* in the New World; boldly charging

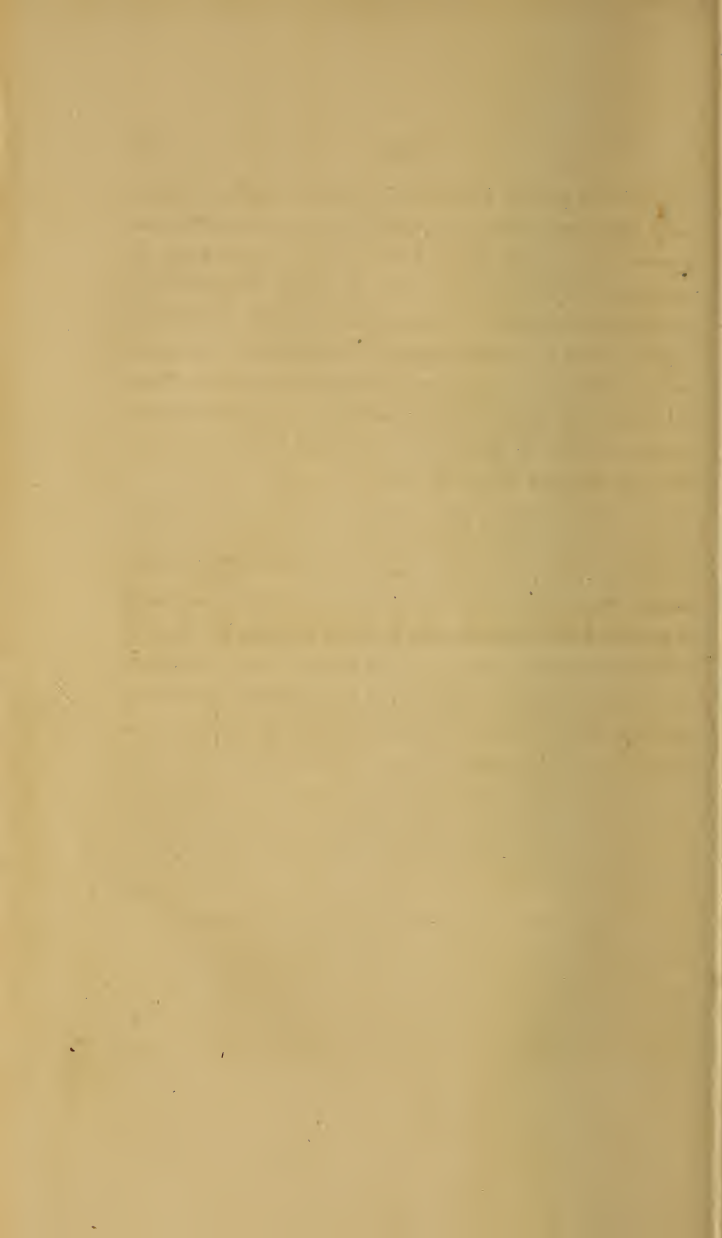
him with the guilt of having authorised this impious measure, which had brought misery and destruction upon a numerous and innocent race of men, whom Providence had placed under his protection. Ferdinand, whose mind as well as body was much enfeebled by his distemper, was greatly alarmed at the charge of impiety, which at another juncture he would have despised, listened with deep compunction to the discourse of Las Casas, and promised to take into serious consideration the means of redressing the evil of which he complained," &c.—Robertson, Vol. I. Book III. p. 309. 12th Edit.

STANZA XLIII.—“ *Guilt, horror,*” &c.

The historian of America tells us, that when Columbus reached Hispaniola (on his second voyage), he found that island in the most deplorable situation. Roldan had mutinied; the ship Columbus, despatched with provisions for the Colonies, had fallen into the hands of the mutineers; and the wretched inhabitants, oppressed by all in turn, had diminished in numbers greatly.—Robertson, Vol. I. p. 198.

STANZA L.

See Advertisement.



WINTER EVENINGS.



WINTER EVENINGS.

FIRST EVENING.

THE FARMER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

I.

GATHERING in sullen wrath, around, above,
The chill damp vapours of a wintry sky
From the dense margin of th' horizon move,
Marking the closing hour of evening nigh.
Fainter and fainter, to the gazer's eye,
The well-known view of house, and field, and tree ;
Yet still the more, though still in vain, we try
To pierce the shades, our market-cart to see,
And learn how butter sells, and what the news may be.

II.

And smile not thou, nor deem our wisdom less,
If haply thus we waste an idle hour ;
But, child of knowledge ! in thy pride confess
How oft, like us, thy wit hath learn'd no more,
Than thus, with anxious eye, intent to pore
Through deepening shades that mock thine utmost art ;
Go—thread the mazes of scholastic lore,
And sound its depths, and light and truth impart,
Then turn and mock our toil—to find our market-cart.

III.

And not in vain *our* search—triumphant, see !
The conquering Heroine's carriage “ stops the way ! ”
The farmer quits in haste his toast and tea,
To learn the varying fortunes of the day ;
And if the mare, perchance, hath run away—
Or if the old blind horse hath journey'd well,
And “ Hath he had, indeed, his fill of hay ?—
And didst thou in the market bear the bell ?
And what is beef per pound, and how does mutton sell ? ”

IV.

A different tribe of querists next draw nigh,
Nor less impatient from the charge refrain :—
“ Well, has my bandbox travell’d safe and dry,
Spite of the driving wind and pelting rain?
Or has another evening come in vain,
And brought no bonnet ‘turn’d and trimm’d’ for me?
And must I write, and scold, and write again?
Will never tradesman’s word and deed agree?
Or are they faithless all?—true but to treachery?” *

V.

Then, proud as warrior, when his crutch he wields,
And fights his thousand battles o’er again,
The dauntless champion of our humbler fields
Recounts the history of her brief campaign;
Tells how her willing steed obey’d the rein,
And trotted homewards with his load, untired ;—
How quick the butter sold—how oft, in vain,
The hungry cits another pound required,
And of their cousins’ weal so anxiously inquired.

* “ True to the veriest slaves of treachery.”—*Lord Byron*.

VI.

True, we may envy not the busier lot

Of those who tread the crowded streets along ;

Yet, not forgetting, “ not to be forgot,”

Lost in the vortex of that busy throng,

Our pride, our feelings—call them right or wrong—

Wring from the heart that wish where'er we stray :

And if to mightiest souls such wish belong,

As oft affirmed—nor less, perhaps, than they,

We love the voice that asks—“ How fare our friends
to-day ?”

VII.

“ Now ope the budget !”—Life hath joys more bright,

That come in sweetness, and in sadness part ;—

Yet, when my eye hath dwelt with fond delight

On the kind greetings of a friendly heart,

And felt each cloud of care at once depart,

And felt the spirits, light as air, rebound,

At the glad impulse words like these impart,

Well may I ask, as week to week comes round,

“ If joy be found not here, where then shall joy be found ?”

VIII.

O well-remember'd ! lost, yet present still,
To the fond memory of a grateful mind—
Though other hand than thine the void may fill
With aim as friendly, and with act as kind ;
Yet, could these hours return, and cease to find
Thy memory link'd with every joy they bring,
And find thine image less with life entwined,
Deep, deep indeed, at dull oblivion's spring—
Must the changed soul have drank, and bathed her
active wing !

IX.

Years have roll'd by since thou thy place hast left,
And busy hours move on, as when with thee ;
And Time her sting from Sorrow has bereft,
But added sweetness to thy memory.
That field of thought, whose treasures, large and free,
Thy hand first open'd to my youthful sight,
Still spreads its stores of boundless wealth to me,—
While thousand things, less permanently bright,
Gleam transient o'er the mind---then lose themselves in
night.

X.

Thoughts of man's transient fate !—how fast entwined !

Even in our gayest moods we feel ye near !

Touch but a string, and lo ! how close behind

Grief follows joy—the smile hath left a tear.

Go, idle verse ! I have not heart to rear

Thine empty unsubstantial frame again :

The time may come, and thou once more shalt cheer

The wintry eve :—till then, farewell the strain,

Record of *one* brief hour—its pleasure and its pain !

SECOND EVENING.

I.

FAST, fast the driving snow, involving all

Our little world, descends ; and every tree
Clothes with its plumes, and weaves them as they fall
In icy garlands, twining gracefully.

How lovely, thus, amid the waste, to see
This fairy work of Nature's frolic hand !

As if, in all her toils, there still must be
Some light creation, exquisitely plann'd,
Blending for man's delight the graceful with the grand.

II.

Let her not speak in vain !—*the mind* may rear

Its unsubstantial visions—only made,

Like as the glittering garland hanging there,

To charm the eye—then into nothing fade :

Still they are beautiful ; and we are paid

For all their emptiness, if thus they come

To brighten up the lengthen'd hours of shade—

To gild with smiles the little world of home,

And cheer the mental sight, and chase the Winter's gloom.

III.

Winter ! with all thy storms, with all thy snows,

Thy scanty daylight and thy length of shade,

To me there seems a grandeur, a repose,

Even in the waste thy ruthless hand hath made.

Ruin hath done his work !—before him laid

Prostrate, the bud, the bloom of Summer, dies ;

A few brief days shall see his power display'd :

Then rise, sweet Hope ! delightful visions, rise !

Fill the tired soul with joy, and glad the weary eyes.

IV.

Then come the brightest and the best of days,
Children of Spring ! Although, perchance, there be
Who love the Autumn sun's declining rays—
The closing hour of Nature's revelry,
Oh ! let my spirit still be true to thee ;
And let me never, never leave thy shrine :
For life, and joy, and health, and energy,
Inspiring season ! these, and more, are thine !
Parent of soaring hopes, and noble thoughts divine !

V.

True, ALL are beautiful ! the changing year,
Winter and Summer, seed-time, harvest—all ;—
Yet not alike on every mind and ear,
Th' harmonious tones of Nature's music fall.
Some love the pensive—such obey the call
Of melancholy Autumn ;—but, to me,
She strikes a chord not half so musical
As the full, clear, rebounding harmony,
Drawn from the depths of mind, inspiring Spring ! by
thee.

VI.

Soon comes thy reign,—yet waste we not the time
Of calm retirement, and the lengthen'd eve ;
Ply quick the needle—let the sportive rhyme
Grow fast beneath thine hand : it shall not grieve
Our hearts, if, doom'd a busier scene to leave,
The dwellers there our humbler walk disdain.
Each hath his destined path :—we would believe
That He who fix'd them, fix'd them not in vain ;
And what are we, or ours, His bidding to arraign ?

VII.

In such an hour, oh ! come, sweet Poesy !
Come with thy melting eye, thy soul of fire !
Bring all the sweetness of delights gone by ;
With holy hope the chasten'd soul inspire.
Thou the gay Summer sun dost not require,
“ The universal year ” is all thine own,
Nor from the keenest blast wilt thou retire ;
Bear witness, “ Blossoms of the North ! ” bestrown
Upon our Island plains, as fresh as newly blown.

VIII.

No sickly progeny—the warm South breeze
May waft us strains voluptuously gay:
But in the strength, the healthfulness of *these*,
The spirit's energy, the spirit's play,
We trace the genius of a better day;
And well we thank the hand that interposed,
Tearing, with friendly aim, the veil away,
And showing beauties which had else reposed,
Perhaps, for many a day, unvalued, undisclosed.

IX.

It is no selfish aim—to give the light
Of other minds, when there is that within,
As full of life, in genius as bright,
As aught its toil from foreign fields can win;
But those who, from its earliest origin,
Delight to trace the windings of the mind,
And see the infant stream of thought begin,
No meagre praises, BOWRING! have assign'd
To thee, who bring'st us in these tidings of our kind.

X.

Nor can we mark, without a throb of joy,
Heaven's noblest gifts—how lavishly outspread!
What lofty thoughts a thousand minds employ,
Afar, apart, in distant regions bred!
North, South, and East, in turn the flame have fed:
And now, fair Western world! our eyes shall see
The genius of thy shores uplift her head;
Soon first in arts, as first among the free,
Unenvying shall our souls, Columbia! yield to thee.

XI.

They err, who call this world a wilderness,
Each joy deception, each fair flower a weed;
Who seem to strive for language to express
How much its evil doth its good exceed.
What! is the glorious work of God indeed
Thus emptied of the traces of his hand?
No! we might learn with clearer eyes to read
The volume of Creation, than to stand
Thus basely slandering Heaven—in its own temple
grand!

XII.

'Tis not that He, who made us as we are,
Forbids the smile His very bounties wake ;
His gifts press round us, meet us every where,
And we must love them for the Giver's sake :
But to be bound by them, to let them take
The spirit captive, and chain down the mind
Prisoner to sense and fancy—is to make
Ourselves the slaves to powers ourselves should bind,
In union with our God—in love with all mankind.

XIII.

Thence swerving, comes the heavy sickening chill
Over the spirit's energy ; no more
Revelling along, delighted and at will,
And gathering sweets the wide creation o'er.
Then clouds behind, and chilling mists before,
Obscure the mental vision—once so bright ;
And all the sweetness of poetic lore,
The mirth of morn, the melody of night,
No longer charm the ear—no more the eye invite.

XIV.

None *serve* thee truly, O enchanting lyre !

But they whose spirits may *command* thee too :

None serve thee truly, but whose souls of fire

From Heaven the breath of inspiration drew,

And back to Heaven their steady way pursue ;

Still proud to trace their glory to its source,

To join in thought the beautiful and true,

And make them partners in their equal course.

Shame ! that what God hath join'd, proud man should
e'er divorce.

XV.

There have been those, and there may be once more,

Though few their numbers—few, and far apart—

Who love the Muse ; but, servants of a Power

They love yet more, His higher claims assert.

But grant them *these*,—each power of mind, of heart,
Strong and harmonious to the task they bring :

O'er all the various progenies of Art

Truth sits supreme, the moving master-spring,

And Genius' self has felt that touch inspiring.

XVI.

That spirit, glorious MILTON! dwelt in thee:
And who of erring thought or idle tongue
Can chide the gentle lyre's sweet harmony,
When hands like thine its boldest chords have strung?
Not that thine active mind, entranced, hung
The willing captive of an empty sound;
Like trumpet to the steed, the voice of song
But urged thy soul one moment from the ground;
The next—and at their post were all thy forces found!

XVII.

Whose soul, like thine, had burn'd within him, there
Where Memory holds her undisputed reign,
And Fancy peoples all the living air
With glorious spirits, such as on thy plain,
Proud Marathon! once spurn'd the oppressor's chain?
Yet that fair land could forge no chains for thee:
Thy country pleaded—pleaded not in vain;
And thou couldst leave the shade of Liberty,
To plant her standard here, and bid her sons be free.

XVIII.

How beautiful, how fair, to eyes like thine—

Eyes fed on scenes so exquisitely wrought
By labouring Fancy in her secret mine—

Those living pictures of thy classic thought !
All thy mind's fair ideas, instant brought
To the clear daylight of reality :

The hills, the groves where ancient sages taught
The glorious aspect of a cloudless sky,
Through that bright medium seen—the Bard's in-
structed eye.

XIX.

And oh ! how proudly in thy breast had swell'd

The Christian triumph !—there, where awful rear'd
His holy arm, by sacred zeal impell'd,

The bold Apostle—and his God declared !—
Abash'd the sages sate—all unprepared
For the high knowledge of “ the God unknown :”

Him had they darkly worshipp'd—Him had fear'd ;
But idol-gods had shared his peerless throne ;—
Now darkness yields to day, and he is Lord alone.

XX.

There hadst thou gazed ;—and it would seem the same
To worship Virtue and *be* virtuous.—No :
Milton, thou better knew'st to feed the flame
Of noble enterprize !—'tis not the glow
Of momentary feeling, high or low,
Or warm aspirings of the enthusiast mind,
That stamp us virtuous,—'tis the even flow
Of an unbounded love to all our kind,
Calm as the peaceful stream—as ocean unconfined.

XXI.

And, great Creator ! 'tis to worship Thee
With the firm purpose of the steadfast soul ;
To yield the heart and mind, unshrinkingly,
Full and complete, to Thy divine controul.
What though the roaring waters round us roll ?
Still “ deep to deep ” proclaims Thy matchless might ;
And, in that strife, Thy presence to the soul
Darts o'er the darkness like a beam of light—
Earnest of beams to come, more beautiful and bright !

XXII.

Oh ! yet forgive ! if thus an idle song,

Begun in sportiveness, in **THEE** should end ;

And the tired rover, Thought, a wanderer long,

Her steady course to Thee at last should bend.

And ever thus, my Father and my Friend !

May Thine own gifts to Thee revert again :

Thou art my rest !—though meaner thoughts contend,

Let them not bind me with a galling chain ;

But leave the spirit free, where only Thou shouldst
reign.

NOTES.

SECOND EVENING.

STANZA VII.—“*Blossoms of the North.*”

BOWRING'S *Russian Anthology*.

STANZA X.—“*Unenvying,*” &c.

“ Westward the course of empire takes its way:

The four first acts already past,

A fifth shall close the drama with the day—

Time's noblest offspring is the last.”

BISHOP BERKELEY:

Written fifty years before the declaration of American independence.

STANZA XVI.

See MILTON'S *Second Defence of the People of England*.

“ As I was preparing to pass over also into Sicily and Greece, I was restrained by the melancholy tidings from England of the Civil War,—for *I thought it base that I should be travelling at my ease, even for the improvement of my mind, when my fellow-citizens were fighting for their liberty at home.*”

I was not aware, at the time I wrote the stanzas in reference to this remarkable passage in the *Life of Milton*, that Mr. Rogers had alluded to it in his beautiful poem of *Human Life*. Having, however, made a different application of it, I hope I may escape the charge of plagiarism.—The passage in question is, indeed, chiefly worthy of remark, as evincing the entire subordination of Milton's imagination, and relish for literary pursuits, to what he considered as the call of active duty. It is a truly remarkable thing, that one of the most busy politicians of that busy time should also have been the noblest of poets: a proof, surely, that the cultivation of poetical talent does not require the sacrifice of a life of active usefulness, and, an eternal rebuke to those who can sink all interest in the well-being of their fellow-creatures, in the selfish indulgence of their own imaginations.

SONNETS.



SONNET.

O SING once more that sweet and soothing strain !
 Oft in the quiet night it comes to me,
 With memory of the past, of home, and thee,
 With joys departed ever in its train.—
 Sweet strain ! sweet days ! If there be hours when pain
 O'er pleasure sways, your joys remembering,
 Soon can my heart those weaker thoughts restrain,
 And nobler musings to my spirit bring :
 Nor would I prize th' uncertain dawning light
 Above the splendour of the noontide sun ;
 Nor live again the hours, however bright
 And full of joy, with which my life begun,—
 If my faint knowledge of the just and true,
 And good and holy, must forsake me too !

SONNET.

YES! it is beautiful,—that summer scene,
With all the lights of morning o'er it gleaming:
And *thou* art beautiful—thy sweet eye beaming
In Virtue's brightness, sparkling, yet serene!

But there is in my mind a thought which decks
With brighter beauty all mine eye can see—

A thought whose presence quenches not, nor checks,
The fervour of my gaze, beholding thee,—
Thought of the pure made purer still—and all

Of Beauty, yet more beautiful.—To me
Such musings are delightful; for they fall,

Like the Sun's beams, on every thing I see—
Gilding, refining, sanctifying all,

With noble thoughts of immortality!

SONNET.

THE MISSIONARY.

How beautiful the feet of those that bring
 Tidings of peace below and joy above!—
 Hope, motive, impulse, liberty, and love,
 A power that bids the slave of sense upspring,
 And, light as air, his chains behind him fling,—
These are their glorious proffers!—Bid them speed,
 Ye that are servants of the Lord indeed!
 Give them the wish, the prayer inspiring.
 Yes, they shall prosper!—He, beneath whose wing,
 Calm and confiding, they are gone to trust—
 He shall uphold them, soothe their sorrowing,
 And, if they perish, guard their sleeping dust!—
 Farewell!—though half the globe divide us now,
 Content before the Eternal throne we bow.

SONNET.

TO THE MOON.

FAIREST of all yon fair and goodly train,
 Pale lovely Moon ! that, 'mid the gloom of night,
 With rays of splendour beautifully bright,
 Shonest on the couch of peacefulness or pain ;—
 “ Oh ! could I worship aught beneath the sky,”
 When God himself demands—accepts the praise,
 How could I pour my never-ceasing lays,
 Eye of the Night, to thy bright majesty !
 But thou, too, in thy pride, hast One above,
 Before whose brighter beams thy glory dies ;—
 He speaks ! and thou and thine, attendant, move
 Along the glorious pathway of the skies.
 And He hath pour'd a better light than thine
 Upon a darken'd world—His Word, His grace divine !

SONNET.

OH ! let me still be near thee !—for with thee,
Thou favour'd one, where'er thou art, are smiles ;
And the sweet influence of thy playful wiles
Comes o'er us with resistless mastery.
Thou young and light of heart ! of footstep free !
Exulting in thy spirit's consciousness
Of powers within thee to enjoy and bless,
Well may the world-tired soul delight in thee !
Yet, loving thee, (who knows yet loves thee not ?)
Forgive the whisper'd wish, that says—" Beware !"
Beware, lest in the luxury of thy lot,
All happy as thou art, the nobler care
Of THAT within thee, which shall deathless be,
Less than the light world's smiles be prized by thee.

SONNET.

I SAW Heaven open'd ;—on the o'ershow'd throne
 Sate the Invisible,—around him ranged,
 Myriads of spirits stood—not yet estranged,
 It seem'd, from earth ; for eager each look'd down—
 Each seem'd to mark one wanderer for his own :
 And, as the earthly pilgrim went his way,
 If chance his erring footsteps turn'd astray,
 A gem had vanish'd from the Angel's crown.
 The thought came o'er me—" Is there not an eye
 Through all this maze of life to follow ME ?"
 I turn'd—I met a gaze so sweet, so mild,
 I could not bear its steadfast scrutiny.
 What ! tear the glories of thy crown from thee,
 MY MOTHER ?—Perish first thy guilty child !

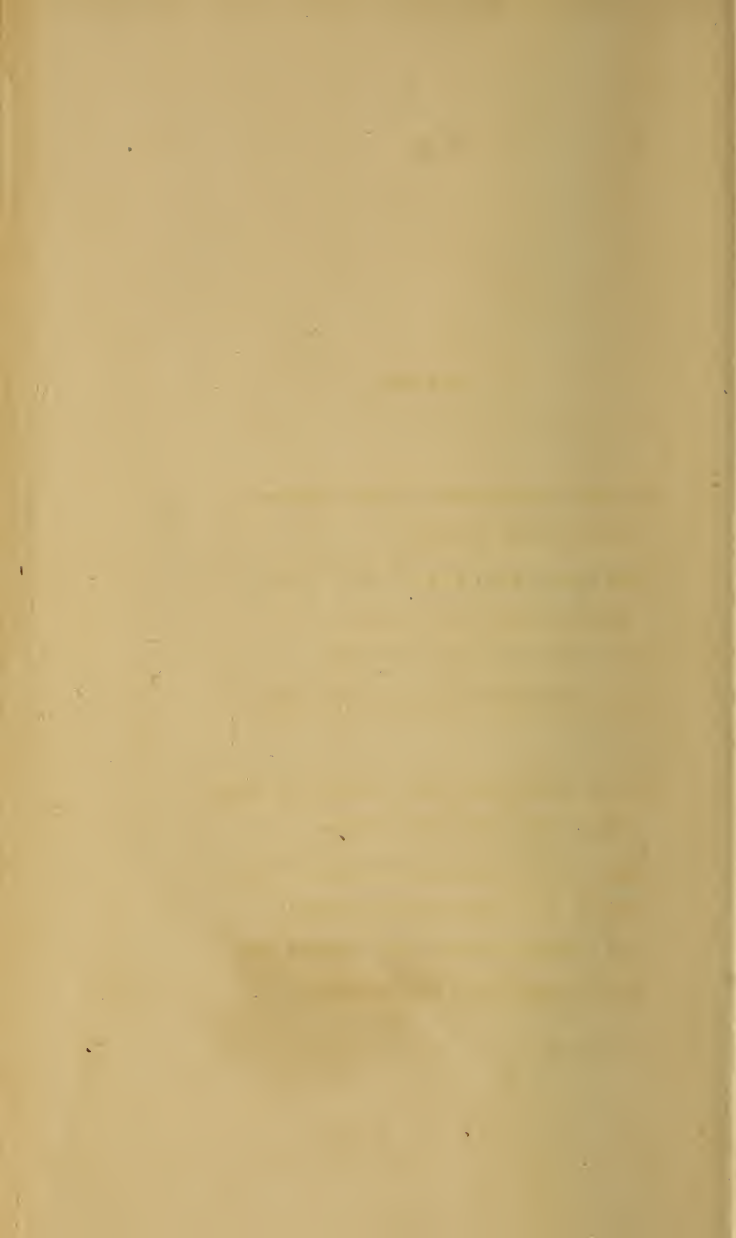
SONNET.

Nor to my soul's Creator would I bring
 (So He one breath of Christian life impart)
 An uninstructed mind and thankless heart ;
 Nor deem it wisdom madly thus to fling
 His blessings from me :—ever on the wing
 My soul would be, still sedulous to find
 Food which may nourish the immortal mind,
 That else would dwindle to a worthless thing,—
 Nor yet miscall it PRIDE. What other boon
 Of bounteous Heaven may man, unblamed, debase?
 And *this*, that lifts him from earth's dwelling-place
 To angel courts—oh ! say not *this* alone,
 O'er all beside His glory and His grace,
 Must, soil'd and shamed, its origin disown,

SONNET.

UPON mine ear, methought, at midnight hour,
 When all beside was still, there came a sound,
 Deep, full, and solemn, issuing from the ground—
 A chorus, swell'd with wild, unearthly power,—
 And *this* its burden—" Pilgrim of a day,
 Few, dark, and evil, shall thy days be here ;
 Oft shall thy cheek be stain'd with sorrow's tear,
 And thou in weariness shalt pass away,
 And join thy sleeping kindred!"—Ceased the strain.
 Oh ! bursting on mine ear, what accents then
 Charm'd every sense to rapture !—then again
 Intent I listen'd—" Blessed are the men,"
 It said, " that die in Jesus ! for they rest
 From earthly labours, and their souls are blest !"

MISCELLANEOUS.



SONG.

FORGET not thou our childish hours,—

The spirit of our joys,

Like music past and gather'd flowers,

Each passing hour destroys !

Yet, much too lovely to be lost,

Far wisest they who prize them most.

We do not mourn them ;—days have come,

More calm, without decline—

Days that have peopled Memory's home

With deeds and thoughts divine :

And years have taught our souls to prize

Man's noblest aims and destinies.

But those sweet, careless, joyous hours,
And all they promised us,—
The cloudless sky, the path of flowers,
Still may delight us, thus :
A glimpse of Heaven was given us then,
And we would see that Heaven again.

We want to look this wide world through,
As then it brightly lay
Before our eyes—a thing all new,
A game for us to play:
And to our rash, unskilful hand,
Its chances seem'd at our command.

And in the dim unmeasured length
Of many a distant day,
A treasure of exhaustless strength
Behind, before us, lay ;
And hearts to love, and hopes to gain
The love we prized, were given us then.

Well, all is beautiful—the bright
And dazzling dawn of youth,
The glories of that better light,
When Fancy yields to Truth;
Yet still the voice of Nature says,—
“Forget not thou our childish days!”

TRANSLATION
OF THE
SOUTH AMERICAN PATRIOT'S SONG.

(From the Spanish, printed at Buenos Ayres, 1818.)

I.

'Tis the voice of a nation waking
From her long, long sleep, to be free ;
'Tis the sound of the fetters breaking
At the watchword—" Liberty !" .
The laurel-leaves hang o'er her,
The gallant victor's prize ;
And see, how low before her,
In dust the lion lies !-

CHORUS.

Eternal glory crown us !
Eternal laurels bloom,
To deck our heads with honour
Or flourish o'er our tomb !

II.

On the steps of our heroes treading,
See the god of the fight at hand ;
The light of his glory shedding
On his own devoted band !
Our Incas' tombs before ye
Upheave to meet your tread,
As if the beam of glory
Could rouse the sleeping dead.

CHORUS.—Eternal, &c.

III.

Saw ye the Tyrant shedding
The blood of the pure and free ?
Heard ye his footstep treading
On thy golden sands, Pötö'sè ?
Saw ye his red eye watching,
As the ravenous beast, its prey ;
And the strong arm fiercely snatching
The pride of our land away ?

CHORUS.—Eternal, &c.

IV.

Argentines ! by the pride of our nation,
By the hopes and the joys of the free,
We will hurl the proud from their station,
And bring down the haughty knee !
E'en now, our banners streaming
Where fell the conquer'd foe,
In the summer-sun bright gleaming,
Our march of glory show.

CHORUS.—Eternal, &c.

V.

Hark ! o'er the wide waves sounding,
Columbia ! Columbia ! *thy* name—
While from Pole to Pole rebounding,
“Columbia !” the nations proclaim.
Thy glorious throne is planting
Over Oppression's grave,
And a thousand tongues are chaunting—
“Health to the free and brave !”

CHORUS.—Eternal, &c.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Go, go in thy beauty,
Bright child of a day !
Go, catch the Sun's splendour—
His beams pass away.
I sigh as I watch thee ;
For never again
My eye shall behold thee
Thus skim o'er the plain.

And where lives the heartless,
Who, gazing his last
On the bright light of beauty,
So quickly o'ercast,

Can smile at the sadness
That springs to the eye,
As the fairest of creatures
Thus breathes but to die?

Go, go, thou gay being!
The pride and the joy
Of thy transient existence
No reasonings destroy.
To see thee, and ponder
The brief written line
Of thy life and extinction—
That sorrow is MINE.

SONG.

TO THE AIR OF "ROUSSEAU'S DREAM."

I.

HOPE no more—in peace he sleepeth;*

All his toils and pains are o'er;—

'Tis thine eye alone that weepeth—

His is closed to ope no more.

He hath gain'd that unknown river—

He hath found a Hero's grave,—

There his head in peace for ever

Rests beneath the limpid wave.

* Suggested by the fate of the unfortunate Mungo Park.

II.

We, like him, our barks are guiding

Swiftly to an unknown shore :

Here, we know, is no abiding ;

There is rest for evermore.

Pilot through this boundless ocean,

Lord of earth, and air, and sea !

Thou canst still the wild wave's motion—

All our hopes are fix'd on Thee.

STANZAS.

O YOUNG and fair !

The softly-stirring breeze, how like to thee !

The breeze, with sweet and pleasant harmony

Filling the air !

Thus dost thou move

Over the languid energies of earth !

Thy step of liveliness—thy look of mirth,

Who would not love ?

Thou dost beguile

The world-tired spirit of a load within.

Where is the rugged heart thou couldst not win

By one bright smile ?

No counsel sage,
Nor grave rebuke, perchance, may dwell with thee;
Nor with the world, in stern severity,
War dost thou wage;

Nor is it thine
The self-appointed censor's place to fill;—
If such thy power, yet quickly would thy will
That place resign.

But if the soul,
Which from this evil world a shade has caught,
Back to benevolence be instant brought
By thy controul;

And if the love
Of thee, sweet spirit! win to virtue's way,
By its own light, the feet that else astray
Too oft would move,—

Then may'st thou reign
Long o'er the weakness of humanity;
And, soother of the soul! to learn of thee
Let none disdain.

THE MESSAGE.

WHEN thou shalt see my friend again,
And hear the voice I cannot hear;
And when that smile, so sweet and bright,
Once more thy favour'd soul shall cheer;

Then ask her what, for one she loved
Most dearly, would her wishes be?
And, when her lips have breathed them forth,
Say—"These, and more, I bring to thee."

And tell her how I strove to check
The envious thoughts which sometimes came,
To think thine eye should see her thus—
Thine ear should hear her name my name.—

Ask her if ever thought of me
Hath come, o'ershaded with a fear
Lest present things and passing shows
Should make her memory less dear?

And if it hath—thou know'st me well—
I say not, chide her for that thought;
But tell her all thou canst of me,
And charge her that she wrong me not.

And if she ask thee what report
Thou bring'st of these my fleeting hours;
Tell her, I never look'd to find
The path of life bestrew'd with flowers;—

Yet say—in duty's path, though rough,
Is sweetness,—she hath found it true:
And tell her, more and more my heart
Admits, believes, and feels it too.

Nor let her think a boastful thought
With words like these is close entwined:
She knows the heart may acquiesce,
While “practice grovels far behind.”

More could I say,—of hopes to meet,
Some distant hour, on earth again—
To talk with her of sorrows past,
Or count the joys that yet remain:

And more,—of hopes far brighter—hopes
That, when the work of life is done,
Our paths, though here diverging wide,
At last may meet—may end in one.

But thou must tell her all *thy* heart ;
And I may cease my own to tell.
Go, then—with blessings on thy way,
To her I love ;—go—fare thee well !

A BIRTH-DAY THOUGHT.

AND art thou here again, truth-telling day!

That sent me forth to take my fill of earth ;
To pass, as others pass, from grave to gay,

And bear my part in mourning or in mirth ?
Come, pause awhile, and give me time to know
If I may bid thee speed, and gaily let thee go.

Thou art no day of *mirth*,—though early taught

To hail thy coming as the hour for joy,
Years scarce can check that childishness of thought,

And teach the man no more to be a boy.—
Thou art no day of mirth,—for with thee come
Thoughts, grave and high to all—piercing and keen to
some.

Thou art no flatterer !—faithless friends there be,
Specious and gay, of promise insincere,—
But on thine honest front at once I see

Thou comest to bring plain tidings to my ear ;
And I shall not outlive thee,—thou wilt be
Fix'd faithful to my fate, and pass away with me !

Then tell thy tale uncheck'd, while life moves on ;
And louder yet, and louder be the call !
But, should it sound too often and too long,
Till on a deaden'd ear its warnings fall,
Then may'st thou cease to speak, as I to hear,
And both in silence sleep, till better days appear !

STANZAS,

ON VISITING NEWGATE IN COMPANY WITH MRS. FRY,

JULY 1818.

I.

SHE came;—she pierced the dungeon's gloom,—
 She braved the lion in his lair,—
 She walk'd among the foes of man ;—
 The God she served upheld her there.—

II.

Dauntless she came :—yet, meek and mild,
 No worldly weapons' strength she tried ;
 Before her went the Spirit's sword—
 The shield of Faith was by her side.

III.

I saw her take her patient stand,
I heard her speak the words of love ;
The world seem'd fading from my sight,
And every thought was fix'd above.

IV.

And never from my mind shall fade
The memory of that blessed hour :
It seem'd to ope a world unknown,
It touch'd a string untouch'd before.

V.

O conqueror in a bloodless field !
How poor the proudest boast shall be,
When weigh'd, in that impending hour,
Against the deeds achieved by Thee !

VI.

Proceed !—thy race of glory run,
More boldly urge sweet mercy's claim ;
From strength to strength still travel on,
While Heaven's own book records thy name.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A BOOK, THE PROPERTY OF A
DECEASED FRIEND.

OH ! dear indeed—unutterably dear,
The words that speak of memory and of thee !
And grief shall bathe them with a holy tear,
And sacred long the treasured page shall be.

Thou wert indeed a beam of living light,
Guiding us on with undissembling ray ;—
Oh ! how unlike those meteors of the night,
That cross our path to dazzle and betray !

'Tis sweet to think on thee—to rest awhile
 On the calm thought of what thy life hath been;
 To think, as on the weary way we toil,
 Nor toil nor tumult break thy sleep serene.

Sleep on;—this changeful world was not for thee;
 Well as thine active spirit play'd its part,
 Thou could'st not make its scenes of vanity
 A worthy dwelling for the pure in heart.

Yet hast thou left a line of light for us;
 And though the heart may faint, and blessings flee,
 The gloomy path of life, illumined thus,
 Shall lead at last to Peace, and Rest, and Thee!

STANZAS.

It is not in the first dark hours, when streaming eyes
o'erflow,

And humbled nature mourns the stroke that lays her
treasures low,—

It is not then, in hours like those, though full of grief
they be,

That sorrow feels, as they should feel whose hearts re-
member thee.

'Tis not in gloomy thoughts that come we know not
whence or where,

That break upon our troubled nights, when none their
weight can share;

Nor yet in wintry days, when winds are singing
mournfully,
That we, who knew thy powerful mind, should dare
remember thee :

Nor, least of all, in evil times, when earth our feet
withdraws
From virtue's strict and even track, or high Religion's
laws ;
Not when temptations crowd our path, we might but
will not flee,
Our tongues should dare pronounce thy name—our
hearts remember thee.

But when we feel a brother's love—a sister's kindness
share,
And uncondemn'd our smiles arise,—thine image
should be there ;
Or if above a darken'd scene hope soars triumphantly,
Oh ! then and there our cheerful souls may well re-
member thee.

Remember thee, whose active mind, whose firm, un-
daunted soul

Then highest rose when all around gave place to grief's
controul !

Whose heart, where once it loved, loved on, whate'er
its pains might be ;

Whose latest breath was raised in prayers for them
that watch'd o'er thee !

In every high and generous hour, when *self* no longer
sways,

In every clear discerning glance, that threads the wide
world's maze,

In all the joys, the cares of life—in death's last
agony,

In thoughts of Heaven's eternal peace,—thy memory
shall be.

TO ———

YES, go :—and if a wish could smooth
That trying way which thou must tread,
Or words of peace thy spirit soothe,
And chase one anxious hour of dread,

Oh ! take them—bear them on with thee,
The chosen inmates of thy heart ;
Nor let that hope which speaks to me,
Deep from its inmost shrine depart.

Go—shed the balm of peace, once more,
In sweetness o'er a sister's head ;
Go—try the smiles well-proved before,
And light, and peace, and comfort shed !

And may'st thou see the rose upspring
On the pale cheek where sickness sate ;
And smiles take place of sorrowing,
And sadness yield to hope elate.

Then, go:—and though we miss thee here,
And mourn thee, parting soon as known,
Not ours to shed the selfish tear,
And wish thy smiles again our own.

Keep them to gild a happier day,
When all that dims the present hour
Across our sky hath pass'd away,
And left it brighter than before.

Then come, my friend;—then once again
More cheering scenes shall beam for thee!
And, gloomy as the past hath been,
Bright shall the peaceful future be !

CHARACTERS.

THERE be, before whose giant minds
All meaner minds bow down,
Feeling with painful consciousness
The weakness of their own.

Such is the tyranny of mind;—
We loath, yet own its power,
And rather pluck each worthless weed,
Than seek such dear-bought flower.

But there are those to whom we bring,
Delighted, heart and soul ;
Whose strength is sweetness,—love to man
The centre of the whole ;

Whose beaming eye assures the heart
No being breathes, too small
To meet the comprehensive glance
Of Christian love for ALL !

Like their own land, first seen from far
By men long toss'd at sea ;
Like fountains in the wilderness,
Are minds like this to me.

L I N E S.

I.

TRY—and perhaps thou may'st not err
To sound the depths of ocean caves,
Where, long and late, the mariner
Impels his bark o'er unknown waves;
But think not, with thine utmost art,
To fathom all thy brother's heart.

II.

There is an evil and a good
In every soul, unknown to thee—
A darker or a brighter mood,
Than aught thine eye can ever see:
Words, actions, faintly mark the whole
That lies within a human soul.

III.

Perhaps thy sterner mind condemns
Some brother mind, that, reasoning less,
The tide of error slowly stems,
In pain—in woe—in weariness.
Thou call'st him weak ;—he may be so ;—
What made him weak thou canst not know.

IV.

Perhaps thy tongue may censure one
Whose tearless eye hath view'd the bed,
Where all it loved beneath the Sun
Was hasting on to join the dead :
Oh ! stay—that anguish long and deep
Can never, never learn to weep.

V.

Perhaps thy spirit's calm repose
No evil dream hath come to spoil ;
A firm, resistless front it shows
Amid the passions' fiercest broil !
'Tis well—enjoy and bless thy lot,
Still pitying him who shares it not.

VI.

The pure, the holy—they, perchance,
About thy path have still been seen ;
Nor could thy feet a step advance,
But *there* their pious aid hath been !
Ah ! happy in that better state !
Yet pray for hearts more desolate.

VII.

But ONE from first to last can read
The history of each human breast—
The springs of thought, and word, and deed—
Where evil rose, where good repress !—
One heart alone to Thee is known :
Oh ! guard and keep it,—'tis THINE OWN !

THE MOURNER.

YES! call the mourner “wretched!”—Thou, whose
mind,

Heavy and dull, chain’d to ignoble dust,

Discerns but tears of anguish—hears but sighs,—

The common signs of earthly hopelessness.

Yes! call him “wretched!”—almost impious ask

Why Heaven hath dealt its cup of bitterness

Without one drop of sweetening balm for him?

Ask him—hath he no comforts?—ALL entomb’d

In the dark bosom of the cheerless grave,

Where Love and Hope lie perish’d?—ALL the past

Dimm’d by the present?—ALL the future robed

In the dull garb of everlasting woe?

No, no—he doth not say it!—There are thoughts

That steal across the midnight of his mind,

Like the sweet gleamings of the fair moonshine,
That, 'mid the funeral pomp, came, silently,
Tempering its gloomy grandeur!—God of Peace!
Like those sweet moonbeams, let thy mercy fall
Bright on his darken'd spirit!

True—his eye,

Tracing the future way, may light upon
No rapturous dreams of earth-born happiness;—
True—dead and chill, as the dear form he loved,
To the gay scenes of earthly vanity,
His soul shall, sickening, scorn them. It hath drunk
Too deep at Wisdom's fountain to return
And quaff the dull and stagnant draughts of Folly!
Happier, far happier, on it winds its way
Above the chasing mists that break and bound
Our sphere of vision! Thence to earth again
Returns, with purpose high, and heart resolved
To tread the holiest, happiest, purest way,
Till Heaven to bliss recall him!

God of Peace!

Thou, in thy mercy, on his dark path shine,
And guide him on to glory!

THE BIBLE.

It is the one True Light,
That, when all other lamps grow dim,
Shall never burn less purely bright,
Nor lead astray from HIM.

It is Love's blessed band,
That reaches from the eternal throne
To him—whoe'er he be—whose hand
Will seize it for his own!

It is the Golden Key
To treasures of celestial wealth,
Joy to the sons of poverty,
And to the sick man, health!

The gently proffer'd aid
Of one who knows us—and can best
Supply the beings he has made
With what will make them blest.

It is the sweetest sound
That infant ears delight to hear,
Travelling across that holy ground,
With God and Angels near.

There rests the weary head,
There age and sorrow love to go,
And how it smooths the dying bed,
Oh ! let the Christian show!

LIFE AND DEATH.

OH ! fear not thou to DIE !

Far rather fear to LIVE ! for life
Has thousand snares thy feet to try,
By peril, pain, and strife !

Brief is the work of Death !—

But Life !—the spirit shrinks to see
How full, ere Heaven recalls the breath,
The cup of woe may be.

Oh ! dread not thou to die !

No more to suffer or to sin ;
No snares without thy feet to try,
No traitor heart within.

But fear, oh ! rather fear

The gay, the light, the changeful scene,
The flattering smiles which greet thee here,
From Heaven thy thoughts that wean.

Fear, lest in evil hour,

Thy pure and holy hope o'ercome
By clouds that in th' horizon lower,
Thy Spirit feel that gloom,
Which over earth and Heaven
Throws the dark veil of fell despair,
And stamps itself the unforgiven
Predestined child of care.

Oh ! rather wish to die !—

To die, and be that blessed one,
Who, in the bright and beauteous sky,
May feel his conflict done ;—
May feel that never more
The tears of shame—of guilt, shall come,
For thousand wanderings from the Power
Who loved and call'd him home.

ON READING SOME DISQUISITIONS
 UPON THE
 ORIGIN OF EVIL, ON PROVIDENCE, &c.

OH ! never, never from thee tear
 That simple faith, whose fruit is *Prayer* !
 Though far beyond the common creed
 Thy practised eye hath learnt to read,—
 Though deep and high thy musings be
 On Heaven, and man's fix'd destiny,—
 Though the fair tree of knowledge shower
 In rich redundance all her store,—
 Though earth, and air, and sea, combined,
 Have brought their treasures to thy mind,
 And thou hast look'd and look'd again
 At all the springs of joy and pain,

Not deeming Heaven itself too high
To meet thy piercing scrutiny:
Yet to thyself—to others, spare
That simple faith, whose fruit is PRAYER!

Oh! pause—if, mid those darker themes,
Where staggering Reason scarcely seems
To hold her empire o'er the breast,
And, weary, longs to be at rest,—
If there one Spirit mourns her lot,
Her light obscured—her trust forgot.
Oh! dearly bought the joy, the pride
Of wisdom, thus to doubt allied;
And better, better far, to spare
That simple faith which causeth PRAYER.

That faith which oft, in times gone by,
Hath raised to Heaven the martyr's eye,
The faint and feeble heart endued
With more than mortal hardihood!
And now, even now, will sometimes come,
When the heart mourns its martyrdom—

Feels thy cold hand, Suspicion ! rest
 On many a kind and faithful breast,—
 Feels that the power which once allied
 Its joys to theirs, must now DIVIDE !
 Yet, gathering sweetness out of pain,
 Turns back to Heaven and Hope again—
 Looks patient, through the cloud, and there
 Breathes out the rising sigh in PRAYER !

That cheering faith, whose glories steal
 O'er all we see—or know—or feel,—
 The grandeur and the beauty give
 To earth—and make it life to live !
 Whose brightest rays are ever shed
 Upon the dying and the dead :—
 Which, in the fellowship of love,
 Joins men below with saints above ;
 Which quickens—elevates—makes wise—
 Cheers—soothes—supports—and sanctifies !—

No !—from thy spirit do not tear
 This simple Faith—whose fruit is PRAYER !

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

I.

OH, thou ! whom eye hath seen not—ne'er shall see ;
 Whose way is in the deep !—whose steps unknown ;
 Enshrined thyself in clouds of mystery,
 Yet darting beams of heavenly brightness down !—
 Thou art *my* God ! and prostrate at thy throne,
 And firm in faith, and strengthen'd in thy power,
 I yield my all :—O God ! accept thine own,
 From the frail heart that seeks to know no more
 Than that thou liv'st and reign'st—to tremble and
 adore !

II.

Oh ! let my soul, content to worship Thee,
Each daring thought, each prouder wish resign,
Till thine own voice shall set the spirit free,
And mortal knowledge ripen to divine !
Perhaps (forgive that daring hope of mine)
Thine eye of grace the humbler prayer may view,
And bid thy heavenly light more brightly shine
On those who, panting for its beams, yet knew
To wait in patient hope—till death the veil undrew !

III.

Oh ! not on doubt's interminable main
Let my frail bark by varying winds be crost ;
Where human aid, alas ! but shows in vain,
To the wreck'd wretch, the port for ever lost !
Who shall assuage thy griefs, " thou tempest-tost !"
And speak of comfort, " Comfortless !" to thee ?
Who but the Power that knows thy weakness most,
And in his own good time can set thee free,
Spreading the Oil of Peace o'er thy tumultuous sea ?

IV.

And let not him who never felt a fear,
Safe in his pride of heart thy woes deride :
Perhaps that scornful eye or brow severe,
Hath thoughts less hallow'd than thine own to hide.
Ev'n the dark days of doubt have purified
Thy chasten'd soul from many an earthly stain,
And driven afar the demon power of Pride,
That once had mark'd thee in his menial train,
But now hath lost his slave, and spreads his lures in
vain !

V.

Poor child of darkness ! happier in thy tears—
Happier than they that mock them as they flow ;
With all thy doubts, thy weakness, and thy fears,
Thy heart hath learnt this simple truth to know,—
That not to man, whose dwelling is below,
Whose brother is the worm, whose bed the dust—
Partner with thee in want, and guilt, and woe,—
Doth God the records of thy deeds entrust ;
But He alone is Judge—whose law alone is just.

VI.

Father of Light ! whose loveliest name is LOVE !

Whose throne the contrite seek—the guilty fly,—
Thou art my God: around, beneath, above,

I see no frowns—no terror in thine eye !

All breathes of that pervading harmony
Which draws from present ill the future good ;

All points our spirits to that peaceful sky,
Where, banish'd far, nor sorrow's wayward mood,
Nor fancy's evil train, nor real ills intrude !

VII.

But who shall know Thee, and be known of Thee,

When thou, Great Shepherd ! call'st us to thy fold ?
And who shall taste thy glorious liberty,

And, "face to face," thine awful form behold ?

Oh, God ! Oh, Father ! mould our spirits—mould
To thine each purpose of th' obedient heart ;

Shake off the mists that now our eyes enfold ;
Let every fear but fear of thee depart,
And let us see thy face, and know thee AS THOU ART !

THE END.

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